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# IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALAMO





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A GARLAND OF LYRICS FOR  
SAN ANTONIO'S BICENTENARY  
nineteen hundred and eighteen

*By*  
PAUL A. LEWIS, O. M. I.  
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TO MY MOTHER

*When the stars are faintly glowing,  
When the vesper-bells have rung,  
Then to thee my thoughts are going,  
Then of thee my songs are sung.*

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*A. S. H.*

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## SAN ANTONIO

I know a sweet old Southern city  
Where quaint and pretty customs linger,  
And often when I dream of her  
I would I were a gifted singer.

She holds the storied Alamo  
And pilgrims go to see that shrine  
Where Texan liberty was bought  
And battles fought that deathless shine.

The four Franciscan mission there  
Are kept with care—a legacy,  
Grand relics of a golden age,  
A priceless page from history.

And oftentimes I have in mind  
To try and find a gifted singer  
Who'll sing of that old Southern city  
Where quaint and pretty customs linger.

'Tis there the silvery San Antone  
Has gently flown for centuries  
And sweetly murmurs through the city  
A gay old ditty to the breeze.

There swarthy Mexican rancheros  
In tall sombreros gaily decked  
Pause at the corner-stalls to chat in  
Their dulcet Latin dialect.

There mocking-birds with silver throats  
Pour liquid notes upon the air;  
Mid gardens rich with scent of roses  
My heart reposes, free from care,



THE ALAMO

## THE ALAMO BY MOONLIGHT

There in the marble whiteness of a glorious Southern  
night

She stands, in clear relief against the sky,  
Above her walls the Lone Star dances in the fairy light,  
Around her battlements the night-winds sigh.

She is a silent sentinel keeping vigil o'er the town,  
Within her Freedom's Spirit deathless dwells;  
Austere and grim upon the night her war-scarred out-  
lines frown  
And every stone a hero's story tells.

The moonbeams and the starshine gently kiss her stern  
old face  
And the silvery San Antonio murmurs low,  
And the Dixie breeze makes melody around the sacred  
place  
And tells the story of the Alamo.



THE FIRST MISSION

## LA MISION CONCEPCION

Long, long ago, unto this spot  
Where now the Mission stands,  
To light Faith's fire, the humble friar  
Came from far distant lands.

The feathery huisache's green  
Surrounds the ancient stone,  
And up above the Spanish dove  
Mourns glories long since flown.

The sandalled tread of ghostly feet  
Through arch and corridor  
Recalls the times when Mission chimes  
Called Indians to adore.

And now once more within these walls  
The vesper-chant doth soar,  
The Mass is read, the Rosary said,  
E'en as in days of yore.



THE SECOND MISSION

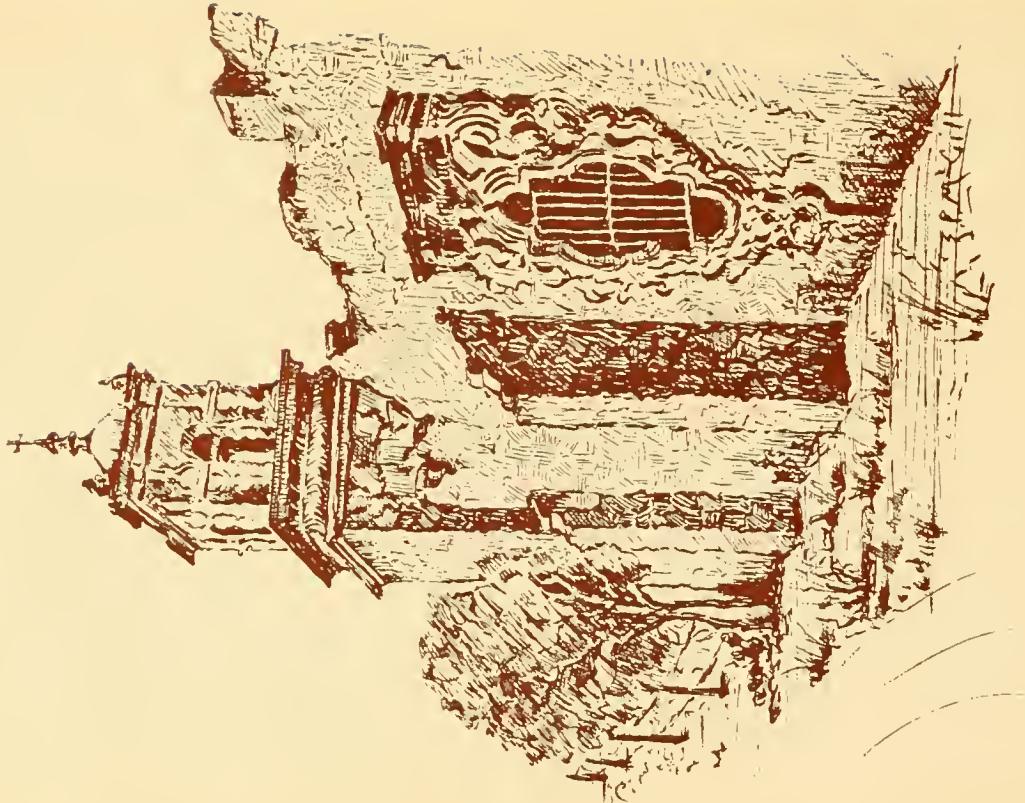
## THE MISSIONS

Fair relics of a haloed past,  
In solitude sublime,  
The ruthless hand of time  
Has not yet made your glories fade  
And you may still upbraid  
The city's grime.

An old-world glamour o'er you cast,  
Gives to each separate stone  
A magic all its own;  
O'er you the wild hnisache's scent  
With roses' odor blent  
Is gently blown.

Your storied ruins are crumbling fast,  
Empty each carven stall,  
While, nestling to each wall,  
The ivy's green against the gray,  
Around you shadows play  
And wild birds call.

But if you fall, your fame will last,  
Though all your beauty's sped,  
Your spirit long since fled,  
Still ghostly monks will raise their chant,  
A low Requiescant!  
For years long dead.



BEAUTIFUL WINDOW IN THE SECOND MISSION

## THE SILVERY SAN ANTONE

Within a golden city's heart  
A slender silver ribbon winds,  
E'en so our hearts it gently binds  
And bids us never to depart.

Amid the city's smoke and din  
It runs its winding course,  
Like Virtue in the haunts of sin  
It springs from purest source.  
Like Virtue, too, with quiet flow  
It takes its way alone,  
And travelers pause to gaze upon  
The Silvery San Antone.

About our souls it weaves a spell  
Nor time nor distance can efface;  
We would not if we could erase  
The magic charms that round it dwell.

Upon its crystal bosom erst  
The redman sped his craft,  
While through the leaves in glory burst  
The sunlight's golden shaft.  
Today the ancient stream flows on  
With beauty all its own  
Bewitching all who gaze upon  
The silvery San Antone.



THE THIRD MISSION

## CITY OF MY DREAMS

In the grand old State of Texas there's a city dear to me,  
For 'tis there I spent my happy boyhood days,  
And 'tis there I grew to manhood, and 'tis there I hope  
to be  
When life's sun upon me casts its setting rays.

Whene'er I'm far away from that dear City of my Dreams  
How I yearn to tread those old familiar streets!  
And I almost see the gay-clad throng that through them  
ever streams,  
And its murmured speech my memory's hearing greets.

How often have I wandered up and down the river's bank,  
And at nearby Mission ruins stopped to rest  
And to drink the cool well-water, though I never thought  
to thank  
The friars of old who made the desert blest.

There's a charm that clings forever to this City of my  
Dreams,  
And its quaint old scenes are graven in my heart,  
And I see it once again as 'neath the Southern moon it  
gleams  
For to me 'twill ever be a thing apart.

And I think of it as hallowed with the gleam of bygone  
days  
When men lived lives of simple faith and love,  
Devoted, brave, undazzled by the glare of Mammon's  
blaze,  
And placed their souls' high hope in One above.

Ah, sunny San Antonio, your spell is on my heart,  
And I'll ever think of you as of my home,  
And whene'er I'm far away from you, unbidden tears  
will start,  
And draw me to you, never more to roam.



THE FOURTH MISSION

## MEMORIES

Do you recall that evening by the camp-fire  
When you and I lay at the door of our tent,  
And watched the pallid phantom moon climb high and  
ever higher,  
While the starlight came and went?

Do you remember that sweet day in summer  
We rowed far out upon the dancing bay,  
Far from the shore, and thought not of returning to our  
camp  
Till fell the shadows gray?

Have you forgot that walk we took by moonlight  
When we conversed of God and of our souls,  
While overhead the south wind played a minor to our  
thoughts,  
And the great stars gleamed like coals?

Ah, those are happy memories, old comrade,  
That all the dead years since cannot efface,  
And though success and gold should bring me scores of  
new-found friends,  
There's none could take your place.

## PATRIOTISM

Thy native land gave life to thee—  
That life thou must return;  
Thy native land gave love to thee—  
Thy love for her must burn;  
Thy native land gave fame to thee—  
Win back for her that fame;  
Thy native land gave wealth to thee—  
Give her that wealth again.

*REVERIE*

*O happy, joyous, care-free, blissful hours,  
Your perfume's gone, naught's left but faded flowers,  
Ah, fleeting hours, that charmed in days of yore,  
Ye once were mine, but now, alas, no more!*

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